



TWVEEDS

Teares of joy, to

CHARLES

great Brittain's King.

Rush forth my billows in the roaring maine,
 And rouse the *Tritons* of old Neptunes traine,
 Through the vast Ocean of the furthest shore,
 To publish these our joyes and triumphs o're
 The warric world, whilst long-wingd flying fame,
 To *Nile* and *Ganges* dwellers doth proclaime
 Our feasts and bone-fires, that both sea and land
 May hear our happinesse, and joyfull stand:
 To see great *Charles* (his anger smoothed) smile,
 And kisse his mother; from whose love ere while,
 Seditious sycophants had him estrang'd,
 And sought (O wickednesse! Heaven will reveng't)
 To break that band, in which great *Brittane* stood
 After so many ages, so much bloud;
 But were deceiv'd at last: *Hell*, *Rome*, and *Spaine*,
 Thanks be to heaven, have spent their spight in vaine;

Faiths great defender, world-divided King,
 King of a world, which to thy wish can bring
 All what thy pleasure, or thy power require,
 To make thee happie in thy hearts desire:
 If in this storme of joy and pompous throng
 Old *Tweed*, thy Kingdomes limite (ah too long!)

May

May have access, and that thy gracious ear,
 Will daigne his harsh and lowly song to hear,
 While teares of joy his holy breast bedew,
 And passion paints his cheeks with purple hew :
 'T may be the freedom of his plaine discourse,
 Will not offend or make thee like him worse.
 Two hundred and five lustres did my streames
 Runne neutrall, and divide thy joyned realmes,
 Which in times fullnesse thy wise happy Sire,
 Sent from above combin'd in one Empire.
 How oft they chang'd their cristall into bloud,
 And saw their banks o'ershadowed with a wood
 Of bristling lances, numbrous hosts and powers,
 Whose might made right, and sackag'd towns and towers,
 As wars ambiguous issue gave the lot
 Of Thee and thine for ever be forgot :
 Since now the Heavens have made thy *Albion*,
 In *palmie peace* united *All-be-gone* ;
 And still shall be (so long as dayes bright Carre
 Doth light the World) a world without a warre.
 Though Hell-born *Python*, and that cursed crew,
 From whom the Serpents teeth to slaughter grew,
 With poyson'd tongues into thine ears have powr'd
 Their venome, and unsheath'd thy royall sword,
 Against thy loyall Subjects : Seeking so
 Both Churches fall, and Kingdomes overthrow.
 The pride of priests thy power must maintaine,
 Be't neer so loftie, mutinous and vaine.
 Their sleeves as full of vengeance as of winde,
 Swell proud if they least opposition finde,
 So high, that they thy Scepters help reclaime,
 Which must support them both from hurt and blame,
 And even thy Crowne the Mitre must uphold,
 Whose hornes point higher then thy pearls and gold.
 O Heavens ! Is that religions modest gate
 To hoise a topsaile of such pompe and state ?

Saint *Peters* master never taught that lore ;
 Whose humble meeknesse is commended more.
 These wolves disguis'd in lambskins, not content
 To sow sedition till the state be rent,
 Broach schismes, and superstitious heresies,
 With power obtruded from their Hierarchies :
 And make it now Church-treason to controule
 Their Canons which give body, law, and soule.
 That Court which from the high Commissions name,
 Did over all a jurisdiction claime,
 And would at pleasure, fine, confine, and use
 A boundlesse freedome, did thy power abuse,
 And sought to take thy Scepter from thy hand,
 Since *Englands* Prelates for that right did stand.
 (And gain'd it by thy grant a few years since)
 To separat the Church, and sleight the Prince :
 What e're their maine intentions aime to reach,
 'Tis thy prerogative they alwayes preach.
 Thine intrest still is next, thine Honour suffers,
 When Church or Countrey shunne what Poperie proffers
 Wrapt up in gaudie tires and glossing termes,
 With cer'monies like exorcismes or charmes.
 And then thy Royall hand is either bound
 To right thy self in them, or thou'rt uncrownd :
 Base impudence ! The horned beast of *Rome*,
 By such by-ways crept up in *Cesars* roome.
 Conformitie they urge, and grudge to see
Englands triumphant Church should greater be
 Then *Scotlands* militant in wealth and power,
 Which made the daughter earst the Dame devoure.
 And he who from a private Pedant late,
 Could climb by favour a cathedrall Seat,
 Lookd down in scorn upon thy noblest Peers :
 And sleight'd the Statsmans purple that he wears.
 'Tis strange Religion that should shew the way
 To others, should her self first go astray.

And laying all true pietie aside,
For worldly ends, turne puritie in pride.

Scotland was by their Conclave first ordain'd
To be the Theater, this Church unstain'd,
With *Romish* rites, which preach'd the Gospel pure,
The weakest thought, did seeme the place most sure,
To act the Prelats plot, which *Rome* had laid,
And meant with great applause to have it plaid :
The Common Prayer was the name it had,
Written (as was alleadg'd) by Bishop *Laad*:
Strange scenes, new songs; and action, masks, and cloaths,
Had made it fine, with many pretty shows,
If it had been presented : But it found
So hard a welcome, that the name did wound
The peoples hearts and ears, who begg'd with tears,
No puppet play might interrupt their prayers :
The Bishops rail'd and ragd to be refusde,
Curse, swore, the Church and King were both abuse,
If so the rascall multitude withstood,
Whatever sort of worship they found good :
And calling Thee from out thy royall cares,
To countenance (great King) that plot of theirs,
Could so prevaile with their pernicious lies,
To make Thee in thine anger, arme and rise,
As if thine honour at the stake had layne,
And *Scotland* now rebellious armes had taine.
My Nymphs did shroud them in their sedge bowres,
At thy reproach, and frighted left their flowres,
Their sport and dancing, where the harmelesse Swaines,
In both my banks sat piping. Hills and plaines,
A plantive Echo sent, at the dread sound,
Of drummes and trumpets, squadrons marching round.
Yea, I my self surpris'd with the sight,
Mine eyes mistrusted which were dazled quite.
With glancing helmes and shields ; so proud a train,
Since blest *Elizas* dayes and happie raigne,

I had

I had not seene, when wars did end in peace,
 And *Brittaine* on my banks did first embrace
 Thy happy Syre. O *Charles* ! my hoarie head
 I hung for sorrow, and my heart did bleed
 To see the iron age returne again,
 Where thine own hands should in thy bowels stain
 Thy burning-brand. Accursed be, I said,
 These Hell-borne monsters, have this mischief bred ;
 While here no noise, no breach of peace, nor jarre,
 As was of old, gave fire unto the warre.
 Yet when thy royall breast began to ponder,
 The state of things, amaz'd with joy and wonder,
 To finde thy *Scotland* (farre from what they made her,
 Whose wicked counsels wisht thee to invade her)
 Fall at thy feet, her self and armes lay down,
 Which she (but to defend Gods Church, thy Crowne,
 Her Lawes and liberties) did threatned take,
 No boot nor conquest o'er my streame to make,
 And from that due obedience, loyaltie,
 Had never swervde, which once she swore to Thee.
 Thou sawst (dread Prince) thy mothers Churches teares
 Wipt them away, and cleard thy countreys fears :
 That King by whom Kings reigne, both knew thy grief,
 And her affliction, which required relief.
 And He it was inspirde thy royall heart
 T' accept thy Subjects love, and to avert
 That storme of wrath, which brought thee to these bounds,
 Bigswolne with furie, breathing death and wounds.
 Whatever false aspersions hath been put
 Upon thy people, here thou foundst it not.
 The black-mouthd Hell-hounds that did belch their gall,
 To make them foule, and in thy vengeance fall :
 Now lurk in darknesse, and their faces hide,
 And dare, nor can not Truths pure light abide.
 But God will rouze them, and his justice rod
 Shall scourge them that dare jump with King and God.

Now

Now that these clouds are clear'd, which darkned late
 Thy royall favour from this Land and State,
 Go on great King in glory, shine forth bright,
 And grace thy native *Scotland* with thy sight,
 Embrace her zeal, the captiv'd Church deliver,
 Whose vows and prayers, have wisht thee happie ever.
 And cali'd to witnesses Heaven and Earth, if shee
 Hath in least thought declin'd thy power or thee.
 Repaire these breaches Schismatics have made,
 Whose tyran yolk, Religion bond-slave led,
 To compasse their unluckie ends, and take
 A power to them, which should thine weaker make.
 So shall heavens blessing shield thy happy throne,
 And of the *Stewarts* race shall ne'er want one
 To swey great *Brittains* Scepter, while the sunne
 To light this lower world, his race shall runne.

From priests whose pride is temporall and great,
 Usurpers in the Government and State,
 From factious firebrands, from dissembling Doctors,
Loyola's loyall ministers and Proctours,
 From Romes emissaries, and all that seek
 The Church and Kingdomes happy peace to break :
 Great *Charles*, our hopefull *Hercules* set free
 This land, which looks to be reliev'd by Thee.
 And purge it so, no dregge nor filth remaine,
 That doth referre to Rome, or smell of *Spaine* :
 Then shall thy *Brittaine* prosper, and thy raigne
 Bring to the world the golden age againe.

But since all now is one, that *Thames* and *Tweed*
 An equall interest in thy person plead,
 And seek who shall be nighest, though I claime
 Thy birth and cradle, yet I do not aime
 At such a Soveraigne share, as to possesse
 Thee all alone, that he may have the lesse.
 Whom heavens have joyn'd, no earthly power shall sever,
 And thou shalt be alike to both for ever.

Though

Though thou be pleas'd to blesse with thine abode,
 His happy banks, and seldome com'st abroad,
 To grace me with thy presence, I presume
 In thy affection *Tweed* with *Thames* doth come
 In equall ballance. But I grieve to see
 Some wicked spirits strive to poyson thee,
 With lies and railing, (if they could) to make
 Thee hate thy Countrey and their love forsake.
 These vipers hatcht in venome, spew their spite
 In Pasquills, Ballads, striving to excite
 Thy furie, and revive the long unquenchd fire,
 Whose ashes drench'd in bloud of thine Empire,
 The ground stone-laid and labour to defame
 Thy noble Ancestors with scorne and shame :
 What battels earst were in old quarrels fought,
 Before this happy Union could be wrought,
 They now reproach, and vaunt strange victories,
 Of pris'ner Kings, which were but treacheries :
 For when first *James* achilde, and bowne for *France*,
 Through storme cast in at *Flambourgh* by chance,
 Was contrare to all court'sie, law, and right
 Detain'd by treason, but not tane in fight,
 The conquests glory was not very great,
 Nor can they boast so much of our defeat.
 But will these villaines call to minde how once,
 When *Englands* crowne was lost, the royall ones,
 By proud usurping *Steven* dispossess't,
 Who did himself into the throne invest ;
 That second *Henrie* with his Uncles aid,
Scotlands third *Alexander*, who did invade
 With mighty powers that Kingdome, and constraine
 Th'usurper to restore their crowne againe :
 They'le say that *Scotland* could for them do more
 Then they could for themselves, and them restore,
 To Crowne and Kingdome, though she boast it not,
 But (with more favours) hath it quite forgot.

Great King confound these monsters, crush their necks,
 That would disturbe our peace with flowts and checks,
Tyburnes triangle trees their portion be,
 That so do sleight thy Countrey, scoffe at thee.

One thing thy *Tweed* would humbly beg for all,
 Great *Charles*, and prostrate at thy feet doth fall,
 To gain thy grant. Thou seest what armed bands
 Thy will can raise, and even thy wink commands.
 They if thou speak the word, can lack proud *Rome*,
 And give the Law for Thee to Christendome :
 While yet their armes are clear, their courage hot,
 Doe not, O mighty King ! dissolve them not,
 But let *Eliza* lead them to her Rhine,
 And repossesse her there. Her cause is thine ;
 These hopefull Princes, that Thee Uncle call,
 Pearls of that Crowne, which from her head did fall :
 All beg the same, and even with teares intreat,
 Brave *Rupert* may at libertie be set,
 And that thy *Scots* may on proud *Isters* streames
 Their valour show, and with thy Nephews names,
 In wounds and bloud on *Vienns* battered walls,
 Which boast that royall spoil, and Princes thrals.
 So mayst thou mighty Monarch live and raigne
 In glorie, till that King returne againe,
 Who shall with endlesse glorie crown thy browes,
 And lead thee to these joyes which heart not knowes,
 Eye hath not seen, nor can the Soule conceive,
 Untill he do it of free grace receive :
 May earth all fear and love Thee, and thy name
 Fill all the world with never-dying fame,

F I N I S,